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FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, Sept. 26.

The *Times*, in an article, says that we must show to the Muhammadans that they have not lost our sympathy and that we value their loyalty and intelligent co-operation. A straightforward sympathetic answer from the Viceroy to the National Muhammadan Deputation which will wait upon him might do much to clear the air. The Muhammadans would unquestionably prize and regard it as a charter. If the Indian Government do not retain the confidence of the loyal Muhammadans they may expect to see the Muhammadans join the Congress or set up an agitation of their own.

Owing to unfavourable reports from Secretary Taft of the Cuban Government's attitude in rejecting the terms of peace more warships and marines have been ordered to Cuba, and altogether there are now seven thousand men prepared to land.

London, Sept. 27.

General Kaulbars, in his speech at Odessa, further said that in the event of the assassination of even one member of the Union of the Russian People Odessa would be inundated with blood.

A British warship has returned to Vancouver and reports an unprecedented number of Japanese sailors in the Behring Sea.

Mr. Secretary Taft sent an ultimatum to the disputants in Cuba threatening that America would establish a military government in Cuba unless they listened to reason.

The Cuban Government hurriedly consented to negotiate with the rebels, leaving disputed points to the arbitration of Mr. Taft.

The British and German postal authorities at Shanghai announce the intention to send the mails via Canada in preference to *via* Suez.

London, Sept. 29.

A detachment of the United States Marines has been landed at Havana to guard the treasury.

An American Provisional Government has assumed possession of Cuba.

Mr. Taft has formally proclaimed himself Governor and declares that the Government has been undertaken only on account of the situation and for the sole purpose of restoring peace, order and public confidence until a permanent Government is established.

Mr. Taft's action is the result of the failure of the Cuban Congress to elect a successor to President Palma.

London, Sept. 30.

President Roosevelt has ordered 6,000 troops to proceed to Cuba immediately.

Mr. Taft has released all Cuban politic prisoners.

The Cubans are showing no signs of opposition to the action of the United States.

London, Sept. 29.

The latest advices from the United States show that twenty per cent of the cotton crop in some sections of Mississippi has been damaged.

The city of Mobile, in Alabama, is the chief sufferer from the storm. Its entire business section is feet deep under water. Several blocks have been swept away.

The damage is estimated at three million dollars. Fifty persons are known to have perished.

Every house along the ten miles of water front at Pensacola was wrecked by the hurricane, and thirty miles of railway were washed out.

The loss of life is about seventy-five, mostly negroes.

Eight steamers were sunk.

London, Sept. 30.

There are two thousand people homeless at Pensacola, where the forts and the naval station are badly damaged by the hurricane.

London, Sept. 29.

Two penniless Russian Jews have been detained at Grimsby under the Aliens Act.

They confessed that they were bomb throwers at Odessa but were allowed to enter as political refugees.

London, Sept. 30.

The authorities at Odessa are now making spasmodic efforts to prevent a pogrom.

London, Oct. 1.

The 450 American marines landed at Havana have gone to Cienfuegos and other places to tranquillize the native mind.

Some 6,000 American troops will be landed within ten days.

The disarmament of Government troops has begun, and Commissioners will be sent to disarm the Revolutionaries.

There is a growing disposition in America to regard the occupation of Cuba as permanent. Comparisons are drawn with the British occupation of Egypt.

An *Englishman* special telegram from London, dated September 30th, says:—

The situation in Cuba since the direct intervention is serious. Private advices state that an extensive American mobilization is being prepared.

The *Daily Mail* publishes a telegram from Hongkong stating that there was another typhoon at Hongkong on Saturday.

The work in connection with repairs to the wharves has been destroyed and the whole sea front is strewn with wreckage.

London, Oct. 2.

The *Times*, in an article, says that the reception of the Muhammadan deputation by Lord Minto is one of those occasions when great issues are at stake, when a mistake of policy or even a want of imagination may work harm. Lord Minto's speech was worthy both of the importance of the occasion and his own position as the representative of the crown.

The *Standard* says that Lord Minto showed commendable tact in his sympathy with the objects of the deputation without saying a word to give reasonable provocation to the more numerous section of the population.

The *Tribune* says that Lord Minto acquitted himself with tact and skill in a difficult task.

The *Daily News* says that it is glad that Lord Minto made it clear that the Muhammadans share equally with the Hindus any upward movement but hopes that he also made it clear that there will be no coldness with the Hindus because they have the courage to declare their grievances in the face of an unsympathetic bureaucracy.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Last week we spoke in these columns of the ethical revival now in progress in the U. S. A. and it is indeed high time for that people to awake to their condition for they have to deal with an evil in their land which seems well-nigh without remedy. In lecturing one time upon the terrible disease of cancer Sir Morel MacKenzie said that if he had a tumour upon his own body which bore the slightest resemblance to the dreaded carcinoma he would have it cut out at once without waiting for it to develop unmistakable symptoms; and the reason he gave was that in such cases time was the most important element to be considered. The least delay meant incalculable danger. A cure might *perhaps* be effected in the later stages of the disease, but the chance was a very small one. The situation created by the presence of the negro race in the U. S. A. is like a malignant carcinoma in its last stages. One looks back with infinite regret to the time when a cure might have been brought about, and wonders at the blindness of those who failed to foresee the present danger. President Eliot of Harvard once said that he had been studying the negro problem for ten years and had, at the end of that time, no further light upon its solution than when he began. This serves to show how indescribably serious the state of affairs has become.

Put in its simplest form the question is just this. How is a nation which depends for its existence upon the moral integrity of the majority of its people, and the possibility of the minority being educated up to a like standard of ethics, how is such a nation to deal with ten million human beings, grouped for the most part in the choicest districts of the southern states, whose morals are little above those of the brute creation, and who possess only in exceptional cases the power to receive and profit by such instruction as serves to hold in check and train the unruly of the other races which occupy the North American Continent? The fact that these ten million negroes hold the right to vote adds to the complexity of the problem, but not seriously; for just as the people of the states conferred this right, so they can, if they are agreed upon the matter, take it away again. But the heart of the situation would still be untouched. There would still be ten million human beings, propagating their kind with great rapidity, and needing to be put in the place where the Creator meant them to exist for his glory, and out of which they must remain a menace to all around. Those who used to preach that "Ham" was meant to be a slave, and that it was upsetting the laws of nature to give him any other position, seemed to quite forget that the laws of nature had in the first instance been overturned by those

who took "Ham" away from the continent where God had put him. And now those who are the descendents of the slaveholders are suffering for that crime against nature, and will continue to suffer until they can find some way to restore the healthy order.

It is not our purpose to go into any discussion of the terrible crimes committed by the negroes of the southern states, nor of the equally terrible measures taken by an enraged population to punish them. Those who wish to read matter that makes the blood boil may regale themselves on the recent despatches from Georgia and the vivid descriptions of former horrors which are always dragged forth and retailed upon any repetition of such offenses. It is sufficient to say that the barbarity of lust is only equalled by the barbarity of revenge, and between the two, the outlook for the younger generation in the states where the negro is domiciled is indeed a gloomy one. Nothing but the most astonishing miracle that the world has ever seen could prevent the certain and rapid degradation of a people among whom such scenes as the Georgia massacres take place frequently. It will take a man with the genius of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt combined to free the people of the U. S. A. at this late date from this terrible cancer, spoken of often so lightly as the "negro problem." Problem it is, but one upon whose solution depends the very life of a people, nay of two peoples, for the true solution must provide for the welfare and progress of the African race as well as the American.

Let it not be understood that what we have said casts any reflection upon the character of such men as Booker T. Washington, Paul Lawrence Dunbar and Coleridge Taylor. These are the exceptions which prove the rule that the negro race is incapable of such development as will fit it to share in the social and political life of the great American republic. It must be remembered moreover that at least two of the above mentioned are really of mixed blood, and that the literary and musical genius of the poet Dunbar and the composer Taylor do not necessarily imply fitness for citizenship.

HAMMER AND ANVIL.

Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.
"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter at these hammers so?"
"Just one," said he; and then, with twinkling eyes
"The anvil wears the hammers out you know."
And so, thought I, the anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unharmed--the hammers gone!

—Rev. John Clifford, D. D.

THE MARKS OF A CHRISTIAN.

BY JOHN Y. EWART D. D.

"What is the difference between the Christian and the not-a-Christian?" "I don't see but that I'm just as good as Christians." "I don't think it would make me any different to join the church." "I can live a good Christian life outside the Church, can't I?"

Such questions and remarks one frequently hears these days. I have heard them scores of times. Another set of remarks you hear are these:

"It doesn't matter much what you believe—it's what you do that counts."

"I don't propose to believe everything the Church teaches. I'm trying to do as nearly right as I can, and who can do any better?"

Such talk as that indicates the haziness of the thinking of many people, their mixed ideas and cloudy conceptions of the greatest truths and the most important subjects.

Many men simply do not know where they stand, religiously. They really can not tell you what they believe. Even many professed Christians show a lamentable lack of clearness in their thinking and positiveness in their convictions. And because they are limp and loose intellectually they are limp and loose spiritually. For it takes great conviction to make great Christians.

Now, St. Paul was a great Christian because he had great convictions. He believed some great truths, and he believed them with all his heart. In the preaching of these truths he suffered much. In the eleventh chapter of his second letter to the Corinthians he mentions the hardships and perils through which he had passed in his heroic missionary career. He was a marked man in more senses than one, for he says: "I bear branded in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus" (Gal. vi. 17).

Slaves, and sometimes prisoners, were branded on their bare flesh with a hot iron in St. Paul's time. "Do not tell me I am not an Apostle," said St. Paul to his critics in the Galatian church. "I can show you the proofs of it in the scars of the wounds I have borne for Christ's sake, and the evidence of exposure and fatigue and care written upon face and feature. I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

But times have changed. Now no civilized government persecutes Christians, and the profession of faith in Christ does not expose a man to hardship. Besides, some professed Christians are so like people of the world that it is difficult for a worldling to know in what respect they are better than themselves. Christianity itself is partly responsible for this, for it has so wondrously purified and uplifted the general moral tone of civilized society that the worldling, having come unconsciously under its influence,

has been brought up to the moral level of many Christians, which is not very creditable to that particular grade of Christians.

The Scotch elder in the Drumtochty Church Session may have been too severe upon young candidates for membership. However that may be, it is vitally important that every Christian examine himself as to whether he has the marks in heart and life of genuine devotion to Jesus Christ.

The Seductions of Satan are so subtle, the beginnings of doubt so easy, the clouding of a man's spiritual vision by the vapors of worldliness goes on so silently and yet is so dangerous to the life and growth of the soul, that every voyager on Life's ocean bound for the Celestial city ought every now and then to take his latitude and longitude, lest he be drifted from his course and lost forever.

Are you convinced of the guilt of sin, and of your lost condition in consequence of it?

Are you convinced of the vanity and insufficiency of all earthly things?

Are you convinced of the absolute necessity, full sufficiency and perfect excellence of Jesus Christ?

Have you abandoned all known sin and entered into covenant with Jesus Christ as your Saviour and Lord?

The phraseology of these questions is very largely that of Richard Baxter, by whose admirable volume on "The Saints' Everlasting Rest" I have been led along this line of thinking. Baxter is so biblical and therefore so inspirational that no one can go astray who follows him, for he gives every evidence of following Christ. The reading of Baxter is a first-class spiritual tonic.

The deepening of our convictions as to eternal realities, the clarifying of our ideas as to what God's thought is—that is the crying need of the times in the Churches. For lack of this many Christians are weak, half-hearted and unhappy. They do not really know what they believe, and what they do believe they do not believe very hard. They do not do much that is wrong, but neither do they do much that is right. Many professedly Christian young people are to-day drifting into indifference to religion for lack of clear, strong convictions of divine truth.

The power of a few great ideas (such as are suggested in the works of a true Christian given above), if these ideas ever get hold of a man's inner consciousness, is almost omnipotent. "The men who have been a power to stir their fellows, to communicate profound impulses, to revolutionize society, to organize history, have been each of them some truth let down from heaven, clothed with flesh till it became visible, clothed with voice till it became eloquent, thrilled with power till it became triumphant."

Newton, Kansas.

WHAT A YOUNG CHRISTIAN DID IN BRAZIL.

REV. PIERRE A. CHAMBERLAIN.

The writer awoke at four on the morning of November first, 1903, rolled out of his hammock, into his boots, and, calling his man, went out into the dark to hunt the mules hobbled in the bush on the outskirts of the village.

We rode for twenty-seven miles under a scorching sun, through long stretches of deep sand, loose stone and red clay, without seeing any water or habitation of any kind, and meeting but one man with two mule-loads of small water melons.

About seven o'clock we emerged from a long stretch of woods into a large clearing and immediately came upon three huts, the largest of which reached the dignity of a house in its dimensions.

Our host received us in the dark with the Brazilian embrace while the household gathered to see the stranger. Here were people of all ages,—father and mother, twelve sons and daughters, two sons-in-law, one grandson, a cousin or two and others. All were filthily and slovenly dressed, even the young women of sixteen to twenty-five years of age,—hair unkempt, clothes grimy and unbuttoned, and all wholly illiterate, except the four older ones among the men. This front room was furnished with a filthy hammock swung across one side of the room, a vermin-inhabited bedstead with raw-hide thongs in place of slats, a grimy table and some four-legged stools covered with old raw-hide.

One of the main cattle trails from the far interior passes through this man's ranch and thousands of cattle go by his door every year, having already travelled hundreds of miles. On an evening, a year or so previous to our visit, a cattle-owner arrived, asked permission to corral his herd and passed the night. During the evening host and guest were seated at the table in the front room and after some personal religious conversation the cattle-owner gave to the host a New Testament. For six days he read the book from morning till evening, forgetting his farm,—all of it was so new and wonderful to him. Yet when he finished it he was much puzzled. Which should he believe? The church and priests with whom he had been brought up from his mother's bosom, or this new book which had dropped into his hands, by which his priest and church were condemned. About this time he went into diamond diggings because of the drought and there met a young Englishman who explained the gospel to him during two weeks of their stay together. He became more and more convinced of the truth and the power of the gospel lay hold on him unto salvation, and so it was that when we came into this man's life we found an open door.

Here was the household of a very well-to-do farmer

belonging to the most prominent family in a large section of country, whose members prided themselves on their birth, position, wealth and power. This household lived in filth,—one towel for nineteen people and this towel appeared as a table-cloth at dinner,—in dense ignorance, and with the most meagre religious experience, large elements of which were superstition and fear, the very elements of paganism. The missionary immediately set to work to remedy these defects and he had good ground to work upon for the people were thoroughly honest, truly hospitable exceptionally moral and had been awakened by the New Testament and contact with three or four believers to see a new and hopeful life before them in what they called the new religion.

In February a girl of eighteen who had never ridden before, travelled two hundred miles on mule-back to the "fazenda." Two weeks after her I arrived on my second visit, expecting to find the school with two weeks progress, but instead, I found the man and all his boys bedaubed with mud from head to foot getting the schoolroom ready, for the young teacher would not begin work till a couple of rooms were cleaned and whitewashed. Senhor Faiano had to send his pack-mules seventeen miles away to get the white clay which they used instead of whitewash. However, the teacher had not been idle. It was pleasant though pathetic to see the efforts at decency. The poor mother's hair was sticking out all over her head between the hairpins in her vain struggle to get it into shape after years of neglect. Their newly improvised clothing was made up of different materials whose colors clashed, but they were clean and buttoned up.

A few days more and the school was in full swing and every day presented new wonders to the natives, for they had never seen a teacher take such interest in her school, had never seen such methods and discipline, nor anything like such rapid progress. No wonder that they marvelled, for it was a great contrast to the kind of schools Brazilians are used to. Enter a Brazilian village street and you hear a humming, buzzing sound which you soon locate in an ordinary house with open door and windows. The room is full of children, all memorizing their various lessons in a sing-song fashion at the top of their voices. You look through the room for the teacher and he is not to be found, but as you glance down the street again you notice three or four men sitting on a hard wood bench in front of a house on the shady side, gossiping. One of these has an old pair of specs on his nose or a book in his hand and you rightly guess that he is the teacher. This is not the picture of an extraordinary state of things, it is the common condition in hundreds of schools throughout the interior wherever they are fortunate enough to have even one of these.

Not only has the young teacher taught well and led that large family into cleaner and more moral conditions of home-life, but she has directed family worship every night, at which strangers are often present, and by her earnest unobtrusive Christian life has been signally used of God in the transformation of the whole community. Scores of people are re-joining to-day in the new life they enjoy through her untiring unselfish efforts. She is able to do what she has done in the regeneration of a community because of the advantages she had in the Central Brazil Mission school at Cachoeira, from which eight young teachers have already gone forth. A wealthy ranchman saw her work and applied for a native teacher for his family and friends living four hundred miles further in the interior. That such an opportunity as this ranchman's application may be utilized and that these influences for the redemption of Brazil may be multiplied and put on a permanent basis, this school at Cachoeira as in dire need of a plant of three buildings at a total cost of twenty thousand dollars. Some three thousand have already been contributed, the land in a good location has been purchased and the foundations of the first building begun, but seventeen thousand dollars are yet needed. Who will lend a hand?

THE LONELY HEART'S PRAYER.

BY REV. H. B. HUMMEL

Nearer to Thee, when shadows fall,
Help me forget, Lord, cares and all,
My heart grows weary, days seem long,
Fill me with pow'r, make me strong.

Nearer to Thee, my hand in Thine,
Now may I feel Love's touch divine;
Only Thy voice, Lord, let me hear,
Whispering softly,—Thou art near.

Lord, I am lonely, days are so long,
I need Thee, only, O make me strong:
Dark is life's shore, Lord, dark without Thee,
Draw me to Thee, Lord, closer to Thee.

Nearer to Thee, Lord, Thee alone
May I receive now for mine own:
Cleanse Thou my soul from every stain,
Let not my heart one fear retain.

Nearer to Thee, Lord, let me rest
My head forever on Thy breast,
No friend so faithful, none so true,
In earth or heav'n like unto You.

Lord, when I'm lonely, years seem so long,
I want Thee only: O make me strong,
Dark is life's road, Lord, dark without Thee,
Show me the way, Lord, safe home to Thee.

THE JEW IN AMERICA.

On Thursday, November 30, 1905, and on the Saturday, Sunday, and Wednesday preceding, in New York, Boston, and other places in halls and synagogues, the Jews of this country were celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of their arrival in this land of liberty. They are repeating here what they have done wherever they have found their way over the earth, if anything like a fair opportunity has been given them. Even untoward outward circumstances do not seem to be sufficient to hinder their progress. In Russia, as in the days of their oppression under the kings of Egypt, they have grown and multiplied, until they are said to number five millions: the average Jewish family having nine children. As they came out of Egypt laden with much of the wealth of the people who had oppressed them, so in the countries of Europe, where hard conditions were imposed upon them, they have by shrewdness, and thrift, and perseverance, acquired land and other property to a very large extent. They have risen to positions of power and influence, and are said to control the press of the continent. Jewish names are conspicuous in music, the fine arts, philosophy, geography, mathematics, physics, law and medicine. Names like Spinoza, Herschel, Mendelessohn-Bartholdy, are familiar everywhere. In the time of the American revolution there were very few Jews in our country, but Jewish names at once appear among the patriots of the period. In the war of 1812, in the war with Mexico, they reported for duty. In 1898, on the breaking out of the war with Spain, a regiment of Russian Jews in New York and another in Philadelphia, offered their services to President McKinley. In every campaign for municipal and national reform the Jewish citizen has been ready with his open purse and his personal co-operation. Without his aid it is not very easy to see what the Citizens' Union of New York, the Reform Club and the City Club would have done. They are zealous friends of education, and supporters of our public school system, of colleges, libraries, and eleemosynary institutions. With wonderful energy and enterprise they have become controlling factors in much of the business of the land, and in our great cities are among the leading financiers. From a mere handful in 1655 they have grown to number one million and a half, and are coming now to America at the rate of 75,000 a year. The Jew seems to be in evidence everywhere, and everywhere is making himself felt.

It is when rooted in Christ that we bear the fruits of the Spirit. These are possible only to those whose life-roots strike down into Jesus himself. This is the one and only way of attaining these graces of beauty. They can not be imitated successfully and they can not be grown by any other kind of life than that which is united to Christ. But such a life can not help bearing them unconsciously, any more than a perfect fruit tree can help bearing its fruit in season.



A WOMAN'S CONSCIENCE AND STRONG DRINK.

Mrs. John B. Henderson, wife of a former United States Senator, who now lives in Washington, recently joined an organization of women known as the Independent Order of Rechabites and the local "tent" in that city was named after her husband. Last week Mrs. Henderson entertained the members of the order at her residence, announcing to them that they had wines and liquors in their cellar which they would not use, neither would they sell or give away. "I shall leave it to you what is to be done with the dram shop in our cellar," said Mrs. Henderson. One of the members promptly declared that the bottles containing the wines and liquors should be destroyed and moved that a committee be appointed to carry this determination into effect. Mrs. Henderson herself seconded the motion and soon the wine-cellar was emptied of its contents and the bottles, containing rare and costly vintages were smashed in the court-yard adjoining the Henderson mansion. It is said that for three years no intoxicants have been served in the Henderson household, because Mrs. Henderson had come to a belief that their use was demoralizing and wrong and was a constant and terrible temptation to both old and young, men and women. Finally the very presence of the packages containing the alcoholic drinks in the household became odious to her and the question of disposing of them has been uppermost in her mind. Their destruction settled the question conclusively. The voice of conscience was heard. When the conscience speaks it is not difficult to decide what line of conduct is to be followed but when the individual, through pride or selfishness or folly, turns aside from conscience there is a confusion in moral standards, a departure from the right path, and a weakening in character and life.

WHO IS WATCHING THE BIRDS.

Are you? What birds have you seen near your home? Have you seen or heard a robin, a wren, a blue-bird, a woodpecker (flicker), a black-bird, or a cat-bird? Have you heard or seen a bobolink or a crow or a bob-white or a cedar bird or a gold-finch or a humming-bird or an oriole or a song sparrow or a thrush or a scarlet tanager?

Those who know much about birds tell us that the birds' notes are quite distinct and sound like the following words. What do they say to you?

Robin: "Quick! Quick! Do you think—what you do, do you think—what you do, do you think?"

Bluebird: "Purity! Purity! I—oh—purity." "Dear! Dear! I think of it, think of it!"

Bobolink: "Bob-o-lee, Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link-e."

Crow: "Caw-w!"

Cedar bird: "Tze! tze! tze!"

Bobwhite (quail): "Bob-bob-white!" "More—more—wet!"

Goldfish (yellowbird): "Ker-chee-chee-chee, whew-e, whew-e."

Humming-bird: Mouselike squeak.

Oriole: "Will you? Will you really, really, truly?" Female answers, "I will."

Song sparrow: "Olit, olit, olit—chip, chip, chip, che-char-che-wiss, wiss, wiss!"

Thrush: "Drop it, drop it, cover it up, cover it up, pull it up, pull it up."

Buluejay: "Jay, jay, jay. Whee-dle, whee-dle."

Scarlet tanager: "Chip-chirr!" "Pshaw! Wait-wait-wait for me, wait!"

Blackbird: "Kong-quer-ree" or "Bob-a-lee, a-bob-a-lee."
—Children's Magazine.

The smallest things become great when God requires them of us; they are small only in themselves; they are always great when they are done for God, and when they serve to unite us with him eternally.

—Fenelon.

Giving is essential to the completeness of Christian character. It is the crowning grace because it is the manifestation of the highest excellence. It is the result of sympathy, unselfishness, of contact with Christ, of drinking in of his Spirit.

—Dr. Alexander MacLaren.

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